OTHERS'.

ment and harmless; every ingredient is of recognized value and in constant use by the medical profession. It shortens labor, lessens pain, dimishes danger to life of Mother and Child. Book "TO MOTHERS" mailed free, containing valuable information and voluntary testimonials. ent by Express or mail, on receipt of price \$1.10 per bottle. Sold by All Druggists.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

AN ELECTRICAL SLIP.

Public opinion had been triumphantly vindicated. The insanity plea had broken down, and Albert Prior was sentenced to be hanged by the neck until he was dead, and might the Lord have mercy on his soul. Everybody agreed that it was a righteous verdict, but now that he was sentenced they added, "Poor fellow!"

Albert Prior was a young man who had had more of his own way than was good for him. His own family-father, mother, brother and sisters-had given way to him so much that he appeared to think the world at large should do the same. The world differed with him. Unfortunately the first to oppose his violent will was a woman—a girl almost. She would have nothing to do with him and told him so. He stormed, of course, but did not look upon her opposition as serious. No girl in her senses could continue to refuse a young man of his prospects in life. But when he heard that she had become engaged to young Bowen, the telegraph operator, Prior's rage passed all bounds. He determined to frighten Bowen out of the place and called at the telegraph office for that laudable purpose, but Bowen was the night operator and was absent. The day man, with a smile, not knowing what he did, said Bowen would likely be found at the Parker place, where Miss Johnson lived with her aunt, her parents being dead. Prior ground his teeth and departed.

He found Miss Johnson at home, but alone. There was a stormy scene, ending with the tragedy. He fired four times at her, keeping the other two bullets for himself. But he was a coward and a cur at heart, and when it came to the point of putting the two bullets into himself he quailed and thought it best to escape. Then electricity did him its first disservice. It sent his description far and wide, capturing him 25 miles from his home. He was taken back to the county town where he lived and lodged in jail.

Public opinion, ever right and all powerful, now asserted itself. The outward and yisible sign of its action was an ominous gathering of dark browed citizens outside the jail. There were determined mutterings among the crowd rather than outspoken anger, but the mob was the more dangerous on that account. One man in its midst thrust his closed hand toward the sky, and from rowling of a pack as the mob saw the rope, and they clamored at the gates of the jail. "Lynch him! Jailer, give up the keys!" was the

The agitated sheriff knew his duty, but he hesitated to perform it.

But the keys were not given up. The clamor had ceased. A young man with pale face and red eyes stood on the top of the stone wall that surrounded the jail. He held up his hand, and there was instant silence. They all recognized him as Bowen, the night operator, to whom she had been engaged.

"Gentlemen," he cried, and his clear voice reached the outskirts of the crowd, "don't do it. Don't put an everlasting stain on the fair name of our town. No one has ever been lynched in this county, and none in this state so far as I know Don't let us begin it. If I thought the miserable scoundrel inside would escape -if I thought his money would buy him off-I'd be the man to lead you to batter down those doors and hang him on the nearest tree, and you know it.' There were cheers at this. "But he won't escape. His money can't buy him off. He will be hanged by the law. Don't think it's mercy I'm preaching; it's vengeance!" Bowen shook his clinched fist at the jail. "That wretch there has been in hell ever since he heard your shouts. He'll be in hell, for he's a dastard, until the time his trembling legs carry him to the scaffold. I want him to stay in this hell till he drops through into the other, if there is one. I want him to suffer some of the misery he has caused. Lynching is over in a moment. I want that murderer to die by the slow, merciless cruelty of the

Even the worst in the crowd shuddered as they heard these words and realized as they looked at Bowen's face, al most inhuman in its rage, that his thirst for revenge made their own seem almost innocent. The speech broke up the crowd. The man with the rope threw it over into the jail yard, shouting to the sheriff, "Take care of it, old man; you'll need it."

And so it came about, just as Bowen knew it would, that all the money and influence of the Prior family could not help the murderer, and he was sentenced to be hanged on Sept. 21, at 6 a. m. And thus public opinion was satisfied.

But the moment the sentence was annonnced and the fate of the young man settled a curious change began to be noticed in public opinion. It seemed to have veered round. There was much sympathy for the family, of course. n there came to be much sympathy for the criminal himself. People quoted the phrase about the worst use a man can be put to. Ladies sent flowers to the condemned man's cell. After all, harg-

Knights of the Maccabees, The State Commander writes us from Lincoln, Neb., as follows: "After trying other medicines for what seemed to be a very obstinate cough in our two children we tried Dr. King's New Discovery and at the end of two days the cough entirely left them. We will not be without it hereafter, as our experience proves that it cures where all other remedies fail."—Signed F. W. Stevens, State Com.—Why not give this great medicine a trial, as it is guaranteed audit ral bottles are free at D. J. Humphrey's Drug Store,

Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

In that the receiver would not communicate with the sender of the reprieve at the capital. He knew how mechanically news of the greatest importance was taken off the wire by men who have automatically been doing that for years. Anyhow all the copper and zinc in the world could not get a message into Brentingville except through him until the day operator came on, and then it would be too late.

The newsmaner man linearing asked

miss Johnson back to life. However, on hand after the execution. few spoke of Miss Johnson; she was forgotten by all but one man, who ground his teeth when he realized the instability of public opinion.

Petitions were got up, headed by the local clergy. Women begged for signa-tures and got them. Every man and woman signed them-all except one, and even he was urged to sign by a tearful lady, who asked him to remember that vengeance was the Lord's.

"But the Lord has his instruments, said Bowen grimly, "and I swear to you, madam, that if you succeed in getting that murderer reprieved I will be the instrument of the Lord's venge-

"Oh, don't say that," pleaded the lady. "Your signature would have such an effect. You were noble once and saved him from lynching, be noble again and save him from the gallows."

"I shall certainly not sign. It is, if on will pardon me, an insult to ask me. If you reprieve him, you will make a murderer of me, for I will kill him when he comes out, if it is 20 years from now. You talk of lynching. It is such work as you are doing that makes lynching possible. The people seem all with you now, more shame to them, but the next murder that is committed will be followed by a lynching just because you are successful today.

The lady left Bowen with a sigh, depressed because of the depravity of human nature, as indeed she had every right to be.

The Prior family was a rich and influential one. The person who is alive has many to help; the one in the grave has few to cry for justice. Petitions calling for mercy poured in on the gov-ervor from all parts of the state. The good man, whose eye was entirely on his own re-election, did not know what to do. If any one could have shown him mathematically that this action or the other would gain or lose him exactly so many votes, his course would have been clear, but his own advisers were uncertain about the matter. A mistake in a little thing like this might easily lose him the election. Sometimes it was rumored that the governor was going to commute the sentence to imprisonment for life. Then the rumor was contradicted.

People claimed, apparently with justice, that surely imprisonment for life was a sufficient punishment for a young man, but every one knew in his own heart that the commutation was only the beginning of the fight, and that a future governor would have sufficient pressure brought to bear upon him to let the young man go.

Up to the 20th of September the governor made no sign. When Bowen went to his duties on the night of the 20th, he met the sheriff.

"Has any reprieve arrived yet?" asked Bowen. The sheriff shook his head sadly. He had never yet hanged a man and did not wish to begin.

"No," said the sheriff, "and from what I heard this afternoon none is likely to arrive. The governor has made up his mind at last that the law must take its course."

"I'm glad of that," said Bowen. "Well. I'm not."

After 9 o'clock messages almost ceas ed coming in, and Bowen sat reading the evening paper. Suddenly there came a call for the office, and the operator answered. As the message came over the wire Bowen wrote it down mechanical ly from the clicking instrument, not understanding its purpose, but when he his hand dangled a rope. A cry like the read it he jumped to his feet, with an oath. He looked wildly around the room, then realized, with a sigh of relief, that he was alone, except for the messenger boy who sat dozing in a corner, with his cap over his eyes. He took up the paper again and read it with set teeth:

Sheriff of Brenting County, Brentingville: Do not proceed further with execution of Prior. Sentence commuted. Documents sent off by tonight's mail registered. Answer that

you understand this message.

John Day, Governor. Bowen walked up and down the room with knitted brow. He was in no doubt as to what he would do, but he wanted to think over it. The telegraph instrument called to him, and he turned to it. giving the answering click. The message was to himself from the operator at the capital, and it told him he was to forward the sheriff's telegram with out delay and report to the office at the capital-a man's life depended on it. the message concluded. Bowen answer ed that the telegram to the sheriff would be immediately sent.

Taking another telegraph blank, he

Sheriff of Brenting County, Brentingville: Proceed with execution of Prior. No re-prieve will be sent. Reply If you understand his message. John Day, Governor. his message.

It is a pity it cannot be written that Bowen felt some compunction at what he was doing. We like to think that when a man deliberately commits a crime he should hesitate and pay enough deference to the proprieties as to feel at least a temporary regret, even if he goes on with his crime afterward. Bowen's thoughts were upon the dead girl, not on the living man. He roused the dozing telegraph messenger.
"Here," he said, "take this to the

iail and find the sheriff. If he is not there, go to his residence. If he is asleep, wake him up. Tell him this wants an answer. Give him a blank, and when he has filled it up bring it to me. Give the message to no one else, mind."

The boy said "Yes, sir" and departed into the night. He returned so quickly that Bowen knew without asking that he had found the sleepless sheriff at the jail. The message to the governor, written in a trembling hand by the sheriff,

I understand that the execution is to take place. If you should change your mind, for od's sake telegraph as soon as possible. shall delay execution until last moment al

Bowen did not send that message, but nother. He laughed and then checked himself in alarm, for his laugh sounded strange. "I wonder if I am quite sane, he said to himself. "I doubt it."

The night wore slowly on. A man representing a press association came in after 12 and sent a long dispatch. Bowen telegraphed it, taking the chances that the receiver would not communicate with the sender of the reprieve at

"I shall have a lot of stuff to send over, and I want it rushed. Some of the papers may get our specials. I would have brought an operator with me, but we thought there was going to be a reprieve, although the sheriff didn't seem

to think so," he added.

"The day operator will be here at 6. I will return as soon as I've had a cup of coffee, and we'll handle all you can write," answered Bowen without looking up from his instrument. 'Thanks. Grim business, isn't it?"

"It is." "I thought the governor would cave. Didn't you?"

"I didn't know." "He's a shrewd old villain. He'd have lost next election if he'd reprieved this man. People don't want to see lynching introduced, and a weak kneed governor is Judge Lynch's friend. Well, good night. See you in the morning." "Good night," said Bowen.

Daylight gradually dimmed the lamps in the telegraph room, and Bowen started and caught his breath as the church bell began to toll. It was 10 minutes after 6 when Bow

en's partner, the day man, came in. "Well, they've hanged him," he said. Bowen was fumbling among some papers on his table. He folded two of

them and put them in his inside pocket. Then he spoke:

"There will be a newspaper man here in a few moments with a good deal of copy to telegraph. Rush it off as fast as you can, and I'll be back to help before you are tired." As Bowen walked toward the jail

he met the scattered group of those who had been privileged to see the execution. They were discussing capital punishment, and some were yawning, complaining about the unearthly hour chosen for the function they had just beheld. Between the outside gate and the jail door Bowen met the sheriff, who was looking ghastly and sallow in the fresh morning light.

"I have come to give myself up, said Bowen before the official could greet him.

"To give yourself up? What for?" "For murder, I suppose."

"This is no time for joking, young man." said the sheriff severely. "Do I look like a humorist?

First incredulity, then horror, overspread the haggard face of the sheriff as he read and reread the dispatch. He staggered back against the wall, putting up his arm to keep himself from falling.

"Bowen," he gasped. "Do you-do you mean to-to tell me-that this message came for me last night?"

"And you—you suppressed it?" "I did and sent you a false one." "And I have hanged a reprieved

"You have hanged a murderer-yes." "My God! My God!" cried the sheriff. He turned his face on his arm against the wall and wept. His nerves were gone. He had been up all night and had never hanged a man before.

Bowen stood there until the spasm was over. The sheriff turned indignantly to him, trying to hide the feeling of shame he felt at giving away, in anger at the witness of it.

'And you come to me, you villain, because I said I would help you if you ever got into a tight place?" "D-n your tight place!" cried the

young man. "I come to you to give myself up. I stand by what I do. I don't what have you got there?" squeal. There will be no petitions got up for me. What are you going to do with me?"

"I don't know, Bowen; I don't know," faltered the official, on the point of breaking down. He did not wish to have to hang another man and a friend at that. "I'll have to see the governor. I'll leave by the first train. I don't suppose you'll try to escape?"

'I'll be here when you want me." So Bowen went back to help the day operator, and the sheriff left by the first train for the capital.

Now a strange thing happened. For the first time within human recollection, the newspapers were unanimous in commending the conduct of the head of the state, the organs of the governor's own party lavishly praising him, the opposition sheets grudgingly admitting that he had more backbone than they had given him credit for. Public opin ion, like the cat of the simile, had jumped, and that unmistakably.

"In the name of all that's wonderful, sheriff," said the bewildered governor, "who signed all those petitions? If the papers wanted the man hanged, why in the fiend's name did they not say so before and save me all this worry? Now, how many know of this suppressed dispatch?"

"Well there's you and your subordinates here and"-

"We'll say nothing about it." "And then there is me and Bowen in Brentingville. That's all."

'Well, Bowen will keep quiet for his own sake, and you won't mention it?" "Certainly not."

"Then let's all keep quiet. The thing's safe if some of those newspaper fellows don't get after it. It's not on record in the books, and I'll burn all

the documents." And thus it was. Public opinion was once more vindicated. The governor, was triumphantly re-elected as a man with some stamina about him. -Robert

Barr. Recipe Never Falls.

Husband (at railway station)-Goodby. Now, are you sure you have everything?

Wife-Y-e-s, I believe so. Mercy, I forgot the molasses candy! Run and get some for baby, quick! Won't he keep quiet without molas

ses candy?" "Of course, but I want to make sure of having a seat to myself."-Good

An Athletic Reform.

Winks-There is likely to be a change in college athletics next year. Exercises which kill will no longer be tolerated. Jinks-What will be substituted? Winks-Exercises which only half kill, of course.-New York Weekly.

Some Foolish Mothers.

Let their babies cry with Colic, giving mother no rest night or day. How foolish, when Dr. Hand's Colic Cure gives immediwhen Dr. Hand's Cotte Cure gives immediate relief to baby. It removes wind from the stomach, quiets the nerves and gives restful eleep. Mother, send to-day to your drug store for a 25c. bottle. Think of the weary hours it saves you. If baby's gums are sore, teething, use Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion. 25 cents. For sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon. THE IRON SHIP.

The fabled seasnake, old leviathan, Or else what grisly beast of scaly chine That champed the oceanwrack and awashs the brine Before the new and milder days of man

Had never rib nor bray nor swinging fan Like this iron swimmer of the Clyde or Tyne, Late born of goiden seed to breed a line Of offspring swifter and more huge of plan. Straight is her going, for upon the sun

When once she nath looked, her path and place are plain.
With tireless speed she smiteth one by one
The shuddering seas and foams along the mai

The shuddering seas and foams along the main, And her eased breath when her wild race is Roars through her nostrils like a hurricane.

THE FOUNDLING.

Barlow was somewhat late, for an annoying error in posting by an under bookkeeper had detained him at the office. He walked rather more rapidly than usual, for he knew that the major, Simpson and Granger were waiting for him to make the fourth hand in the game of whist which always preceded dinner. Collins was not home, for he had gone to Milwaukee and would not return until the next morning, and Barlow knew that the major was impatiently tapping the table with his fingers and watching the door.

For seven years the five men had lived together, and the whist game before dinner was one of the household habits which had fastened itself upon the little community as a vital element of its placid existence. The men were all past middle age, and any digression from the routine jarred the entire domestic machinery for the time. Dinner was always served at 7 o'clock, and Barlow felt more than guilty, for it was not only nearly 6 o'clock, but the afternoon was the Saturday half holiday, and he should have been home several hours earlier.

He increased his pace when he turned into the street which for three blocks was the bottom of an architectural canyon, its sides formed of solid rows of houses each exactly like the other. As he approached the center house of the middle block he felt for his latchkey and drew it from his pocket when he turned to ascend the steps. The key dropped from his band, and he fell back a pace, for cooing at him from the corner of the little porch a baby stretched its chubby arms toward him and smiled

when the key jingled on the stone step. Barlow's first thought was that he had taken the wrong steps, and he steadily stared at the number painted on the transom. The number was right, and he rapidly checked it off with the familiar window curtains and the doormat. The major's burly form came into view through the window, and then Barlow concentrated his attention on the baby. It cooed gently and made an effort to crawl down the steps.

"Hold on; you'll hurt yourself," cried Barlow as the baby leaned perilously over the edge of the doorstep. The little one looked up and smiled again, and then for the first time in his memory Barlow held a baby in his arms.

For several minutes he stood looking up and down the street, but no one came to help him. He pressed the haby to him as he stooped for his key, and opening the door walked into the sitting room with the baby under his arm as though it were a laundry bundle.

"Hello, you're here at last," said the major, locsening the belt of his dressing gown and reaching for a deck of cards. "What kept- Bless my soul,

The baby kicked its heels and struck out with its arms as though swimming. for Barlow's hand was under its stomach as he held it against his hip. Simpson dropped the evening paper and stared at the baby with his mouth open. Granger forgot the blazing match which he was holding over his pipe bowl, and it burned to his fingers as, he gazed blankly at Barlow and the kicking infant.

The oppressive silence was broken by a sudden cry from the baby, and the major caught it by one leg just in time to save it from striking the floor, for Barlow dropped it when the cry came For a second the major held the baby by its leg, while a series of muffled explosions came from under the clothing which had fallen over the baby's head. Then he gently lowered the little one to the floor, and all silently watched the strange creature squirm and struggle its way out of the maze of linen and flannel and finally sit up, a red faced.

tearful, screaming baby, Barlow's explanation was incoherent, for he, like the major, Granger and Simpson, was in a state of mental chaos. The baby's screams brought Bob, the colored cook and all around servant, from the dining room, and his black face increased the vigor of the infantile vells and deepened the scarlet hue of its

face to a purplish tinge. A twisted wire brooch which held the little sack at the neck gave the baby's name as "Joey." The major was seized with an inspiration. Snapping his fingers, he said, "Here, Joey, here, here, here," as he used to speak to the

only dog he ever owned. The other men felt an immense admiration for the major, for Joey suddenly stopped crying. The minute of silence seemed an hour to the anxious old bachelors looking down at the tiny

stranger. Joey was strangely quiet. His mouth was wide open, his eyes bulged, and a rattling sound in his throat alarmed Barlow.

"For heaven's sake, get some water. Thump it on the back. Open all the windows. The baby is choking to death." And he dropped on his knees and began beating the baby's back and chest with his palm. A pitcher and glass of water were brought. The windows and doors were thrown open, and the major, wildly excited, swished a newspaper in the baby's face, fanning it frantically. Simpson dashed a glass of water into Joey's eyes and mouth, and the baby, after several gasps, burst out crying and wailing again

"Jingle some keys at him!" bellowed the major, bobbing his watch up and down six inches from the baby's face. "Talk to him; talk to him. Don't you know some baby talk? Here, Joey, here, here." And the major stopped his roaring and whistled, snapping his fingers. His efforts were futile. Joey cried the londer, and the men left him in the middle of the floor and sat down to a

solemn consultation. "We've got to stop that crying first," said Simpson. "Now, I remember I picked up a woman's paper once in a doctor's office. It had a dozen columns on the care of babies. I'll go to the corner and get some papers and maga-

zines." And Empson hurried to the corner news store. He returned with his arms full of weekly and monthly litersture and found Joey crying at the top of his voice. With nervous haste the men pored over the papers until Barlow's triumphant "Here it is" brought

the others to him. "Hints to Young Mothers," read Bar-

low, peering through his spectacles. "If the baby cries without apparent reason, the cause will probably be one of three things—a pin sticking its ten-Ger body, the colic or teething. First, earch for the pin, for remember the baby cannot talk and tell you where the annoyance is. Remove the clothing gently and rub the hand over the little body. If it is colic, place the baby, stomach down, on your knee and gently pat and rub the hollow of the back. This will sooth the little one. If it is, teething, rub the pums briskly but tenderly with

the index finger."

When Bariow had finished, the men felt the relief which comes when the enemy is known and visible. The major walked courageously to the baby, puffing his cigar. Granger lighted his pipe and Barlow, repeating "First search for the pin," seated himself on the edge of the chair and received the baby from the major. Joey alternately screamed and gasped, for the major and Granger had filled the room with tobacco smoke, but Barlow and Simpson, with grim deliberation, removed the little shoes and stockings and peeled off the other clothing, until Joey, a chubby, rosy cherub, displayed his physical charms to the intensely interested bachelors. From head to foot the wailing, choking Joey was inspected by the quartet, and not a pin mark was observable.

"It's either colic or teething," said Granger, who had dropped on his knees, with "Hints to Young Mothers" before him. "Place the baby, stomach down, on your knee," he read, "and gently pat and rub the hollow of the back. Catching the naked Joey by the nape of his neck and grasping both feet, Barlow flopped him over and rubbed so energetically that Joey's back grew red, and he squirmed and screamed worse than ever. "It's not colic; it's his teeth," said Granger, who had waited a reasonable time to see the effect of the treatment. "Rub the gums briskly but tenderly with the index finger."

Simpson squatted to the floor on the other side, and thrusting his finger into Joey's mouth rubbed Joey's gums, while Barlow still patted and rubbed the small of Joey's back.

Utterly exhausted, Joey's cries sank to subdued sobs, and finally he became quiet. Barlow held him for half an hour, while Granger, who had been energetically studying the advertisements of infants' food, went to the drug store and brought haif a dozen boxes and bottles to Bob, who, carefully following directions, made up half a dozen different brews of lactated food, malted milk and cornstarch preparations. Joey's continued silence gave Barlow and the major confidence, and they managed to clothe him after a fashion. Bob's culi-nary skill stood him in good stead, for Joey eagerly drank a bowl of prepared the Devils Lake District and the Turfood and became so smiling and showed

the major picked up his dressing gown and danced vigorously around him. The belated dinner was eaten in silence, with Joey staring through the folding doors from the center of the sit-ting room. Then came the perplexing abo r the small Eastern farm no long problem of providing suitable sleeping er gives adequate returns. quarters for the little guest. It was voted to put Joey in Collins' bed, and Are You in Poor Health!

was consulted. The oracle said: be loose, short and easy. Woolen is pre-

sleeves," he said, "and the bottom. It West, noted for healing many human must be short, you know, and loose and ailments. woolen and easy.'

Joey was too sleepy to protest when Barlow again pulled his clothing from him. The baby was placed in Granger's shirt, and then, escorted by the major, Granger, Simpson and Bob, Barlow carried Joey to Collins' room, and building a nest of pillows laid Joey, now fast asleep, in it.

Joey did not wake all night, but the men took turns watching him until Bob's rising bell awoke the baby. the same moment Collins entered the house. Then peace fell on the bachelors, for Collins was a widower, and they felt

he understood the situation. "Why didn't you inform the police?" he asked. "Some mother was crazy about this baby last night."

After feeding and dressing Joey, Collins picked him up, went out of the house and slowly walked down the street. He had passed one of the blocks of houses when a woman's scream stopped him, and the next instant Joey was

in his mother's arms. The servant girl was new to the neighborhood. She had placed Joey on the wrong steps and had then chased two small boys who had run away with the baby carriage. When she returned and could not find Joey, she became hyster | Do You Wish a Business Location? ical, and the family roamed the streets and haunted the police stations all night, with Joey in a bachelor's den a

block away. - Chicago Record.

Dr. Hand's Colic Cure in Ohio. CEDARVILLE, O., May 4th, 1893. I heartily recommend forever Dr. Hand's Remedies for Children. My baby had colic so bad I was almost worn out. A lady friend told me of Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. I bought a 25c bottle and both baby and myself now have sweet and refreshing sleep. I Do You Like Stock Raising? also find Dr. Hand's Pleasant Phys'c of great benefit to myself and child.

Respectfully yours MRS GEO. BOYD. Dr. Hand's Remedies for Children, 25c. For sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon.

Deadly Gasoline ASHTABULA, O., Sept. 21.-Mrs. Drucilla Salisbury was burned to death at

4:30 a. m. She was working for James

Paden, a Lake Shore conductor, and got

up to cook breakfast for a boarder. A

gasoline explosion set her clothes on fire and she perished before help arrived. Peacemaker Shot. ASHTABULA, O., Sept. 21.-During a drunken brawl in a saloon, resulting from the semi-monthly pay day on the docks, Dominick Pasco was shot through the bowels while separating some fighters. The ball passed clear through him. He will probably die.

"I would rather trust that medicine than any doctor I known of." Says Mrs. Hattie Mason of Chilton, Carter Co., Mo., in speaking of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhosa Remedy. For sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, O.

lie Was Fed.

That old motto, "Where there is will there is a way," though now a little out of fashion, perhaps, and some-what exaggerated, as is the case with mothers in general, is still expressive of a truth.

Writing of old times at White Sulphur springs, General Maury says there were many complaints of the fare at the hotel. The dignified proprietor used to console his guests by remarking that they really paid nothing for their dinners, but only for the wonderful sulphur water which he had discovered. One day in the height of the season.

when the crowd was great and the servico scanty, the people in the dining room were startled by heartrending cries of "Murder, murder!" Steward and servants rushed to the victim, who, in answer to their eager inquiries, informed them that he could get nothing to eat and was dying of starvation.

That young man was served well and promptly as long as he remained.-Youth's Companion.

If you have not yet procured one of those If you have not yet procured one of those pretty watch case opners, get one from your jeweler, or send to Philadelphia. They are furnished free by the Keystone Watch Case Company. Besi 'es making a handcome charm for your chain, they save your fingernaily and knife-blades. The Keystone Company is the largest of its kind in the world, and makes all kinds of cases, from the low-prised nickel to the most expenses solid. priced nickel to the most expensive solid gold. Its great specialty is the Jas. Boss filled case. Jas. Boss invented and made the first fulled case in 1859 and many of the cases then made and worn since are still in tact. Later the Boss patents passed into the hands of the Keystone Watch Case Company, which has the sole right to make these cases. standard. after which all other filled cases are patterned. All Keystone cases, Boss cases included, have the far-famed Non-pull-out bow or ring. It is the only bow that is securely fastened to the case, and can only be head on cases made by this Company. It had on cases made by this Company. It prevents loss of the watch by thieft and injury by dropping. These cases are handled by all jewelers, as the Company itself does not retail.

If mar had been limited to the use of his natural weapons of defense, he would long since have been beaten out of the contest by the animal kingdom

It May Do as Much for You. Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Ill., writes that

he had a Severe Kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back and also that his bladder was affected. He tried many so called Kidney cures but without any good result. About a year ago he began use of Electric Bitters and found relief at once Electric Bitters is especially adapted to cure of all Kidney and Liver troubles and often gives almost instant relief. One trial will prove our stasement. Price only 50c for large bottle. At D. J. Humphrey's Drug Store.

SOMETHING. EVERYBODY

Are You Looking for Land? Take a trip over the Great North-

ern to northern Minnesota and North tle Mountain country invite investi his pretty dimples so effectively that gation and settlement. These locali ties offer free homesteads, cheap lands and good climate to Eastern farmers who have vainly toiled for years to get ahead and pay off "that little mortgage." It is the country, too, for

again the "Hints to Young Mothers" The Northwest is one vast sanitari-"For sleep, baby's nightgown should fogsand raw chilly weather. The bright sunshine and the bracing air put vigor into the steps of men and paint roses in the cheeks of women, with colors Granger disappeared when Simpson not to be found in the drug stores. read this and returned with a light fian- There are hot springs, too, along the nel neglige shirt. "We can cut off the line of the Great Northern, in the

Are You a Manufacturer?

If you are crowded where you are now, or if raw material is getting carce, take a look at the Northwest. It is full of resources of woods, clavs minerals, and products of various sorts. There are undeveloped water powers. You can find material and power in close association. The rail-way affords cheap facilities to mar-

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